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F L A G E L L U M:

O R, A

Dry A N S W E R

T O

Dr. H A N C O C K ' S wonderfully-Co-
mical Liquid Book, which he merrily calls
Febrifugum Magnum, or common Water
the best Cure for Fevers, &c. (a Book proved
beyond Contradiction, to be wrote when
the Doctor was asleep.)

W H E R E I N,

Not only many obscure Passages, in that great
Performance (which neither the Doctor nor any
body else understood the meaning of) are ironi-
cally explain'd to the meanest Capacity ; but the
Use and Excellency of cold Water and stewed
Prunes, is also clear'd up, beyond Contradiction.

Very fit to be bound up with the Doctor's Book.

*Who ever saw another such Divine,
That drank cold Water, when he might have Wine ?*

By G A B R I E L J O H N, a seventh Son, and
Teacher of the occult Sciences in *Yorkshire*.

Imago, far, an, se, forte, dux, dans, in, a, guttur.
Vide Tom Thumb. fol. Edit. p. 1050.

L O N D O N, Printed, and sold by T H O. W A R N E R at the
Black-Boy in Pater-noster-Row. 1723. Price 6 d.





T O T H E

Most Noble, most Virtuous, most Wise,
and *tolerably beautiful* old Virgin,

URSULA JOAN,

Dutcheſs of *Puddle-Dock*,

A N D

Counteſs of *Bunhill-Fields*, &c.

May it please your Grace, or Highneſs,



HERE we lie under the greateſt
Obligations (as I do to your Grace)
it is natural for a generous and
grateful Mind, to lay hold of all
Opportunities for expreſſing a juſt ſenſe of its
Benefactor's Favours : I remember with Plea-

sure (and I fear a little Pride too) that when Fame had outrun my Feet, and the learned World rang of my Art, as I return'd from my Travels from Utopia, Terra Ingognita, and the Country of Prester John, where I had cured his Grandmother of a confirmed Rickets, and his Godmother of a violent Cholick in her Thumb, and some dozens of old Maids of most exorbitant Copper-Noses, contracted by that most nefarious practice of Water-bibbing; and which the most Learned of those Countries had in vain attempted to eradicate; I say, then it was, that your Grace was pleased by your superfluous goodness to shine in upon my Merits, daily abounding more and more (as it were) by large Fees, Sack and Sugar, elegant Dinners, and other Demonstrations of your Bounty, your Grace being then almost drench'd out of your Life, quite out of your Beauty, and all hopes of Matrimony, and your Constitution, had crumbled almost to nothing, by a Complication of impertinent Distempers, particularly the Hippo; and (the inseparable Companions of stale Virginity) your Grace was also possess'd with a strange and uncommon Spirit of Contradiction and Objurgation; out of all which, your Grace very well knows (if you do not misremember) that by the profound Concavity of my Learning and Understanding in unintelligible Mysteries, I had the honor to recover your Grace, in a few Weeks, by putting your Grace into a regular Course of Ratafia, Citron-

tron-Water and Mackroons; at the same time strictly forbidding all manner of Water, except well corrected by a due quantity of fine Loaf-Sugar, and Juice of Lemons, to grateful Acidity, and then corroborated with quantum sufficit of right Nants; and at Meal-times a pint of red Port or Burgundy for your share. Upon which your Grace's antient captivating Red return'd into your Cheeks, which grew plump, and the Wrinkles in a great measure disappear'd; so that to my immortal Honour, and your own unspeakable Consolation, I may venture to say without a Solæcism, that your Grace is become new Vamp'd, and at this present Writing, a very good second-hand Beauty; altho only under the guard of antiquated Virtue, thanks to old Age, and cold Water. And this was not a thing done in a Corner, but well known to all the Ladies of Quality, all about Bunhill-fields, Norton-Falgate, the whole Precincts of Shoreditch.

Wherefore your Grace, being the first Fruits of my Lucubrations and Labours in my native Country, I humbly conceive, that I cannot without the most gross and base Ingratitude, dedicate these my Essays to any noble Personage but your self, beseeching your Protection and Patronage against all sober Sots, Water-drinkers, and Water-Rats, in the three Kingdoms, of what Order or Rank soever.

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As to the learned Doctor whom (by a new Method) I both answer and defend at the same time ; I am not ashamed to own, that I honour him ; and must say that he has deserv'd well, of the York-Buildings and New-River Companies ; but cannot help observing, that he is not so Orthodox in Physick as he is in Divinity : yet that may very well be excused, considering that he wrote when he was asleep, and had not the Command of his Faculties ; and so being not then fui juris, is not so answerable for his Blunders, as he would otherwise have been. Indeed his Style and Method is something different from the number of great Men that have gone before him ; but there may be much human Prudence in T H A T, which we four Wits cannot penetrate into the Reason of ; neither is it fit we should, any farther than that we know it is wrote so artfully, as to be accommodated to the meanest Capacity, as to the Diction, and Style I mean ; but as to the Meaning and Argument, of the greatest part of his Book, no Man alive can come at that, without my exuberant Learning, and Art of Dreaming ; which I cannot tell, that any ever yet attain'd to, nor perhaps ever will : one Phænix in a Century is sufficient ; the Doctor is a Water-Phenix, and I am one by Land, and both useful in our way.

I find by my Art, that the Doctor was born under Aquarius (a watry Sign) Saturn Lord thereof,

thereof, posited in his own House, in Trine to that merry Planet Mercury : all which shew the Doctor to be a great Wit, and a Man of Elegancy and Judgment; and had it not been for an unlucky Square of the Sun, and Mercury (which in a measure hinder'd, or as it were eclipsed his Honour) he had certainly gone to Sea, and been at least Arch-Deacon of a Man of War. But who can stand against Fate? Every Man of Merit cannot get Preferment; I know it by woful Experience, having had nothing remarkable to boast of, in my own Country, except your Grace's Favour, which I am justly proud of; and the whole and utmost of my Ambition is, that when your Grace seems meet, I may be appointed Conjuror in Ordinary to your Grace, during Life, with some small Salary, just enough to keep a Coach and four, and be able to live above the Contempt of inferior Fortune-Tellers.

Some sort of Folk, perhaps, may wonder, why the Doctor did not give some mechanical Account of the nature of every sort of Water; the modus of its Operation in an human Body, when mixt (and circulating) with the Fluids: and have given us also the Cause, Signs, Diagnostick, Prognostick, &c. of every Distemper; and from thence argued, how and why cold Water should cure it: but this would have been to make every one as wise as himself. And who would be a F—l then?

then? No, no! Water is of such a particular Texture, Nature, and Mechanism, that it moves down every Distemper, as thick as Hops, without ever enquiring, whence it comes, what it is, or who it belongs to. Indeed we know, that a Feather thrust up the Nose will tickle it, and cause a Sneezing: well! but we can produce Sneezing as often as we please to tickle one another's Noses (humbly begging your Grace's Pardon) without knowing that all Sternutatories irradiate the Spirits, undulating in, and irradiating those Nerves, that are disseminated into the internal Membranes of the Nostrils; or that the Spirits being provoked into Spasms and tumultuous Transports, loosen the impacted viscous Matter, shake them out of their place, and eliminate them thro the Infundibulum and pituitary Gland, out of the Confines of the Brain, into, &c. with a great deal more such unintelligible Jargon, of no use to any but the Owner: and so in other Cases, there is no need to multiply words, to describe Causes and Reasons: 'tis only knowing that cold Water will cure it, (no matter for a Reason why) and what need we trouble our Heads any farther about the matter? Water is Water; a Distemper is a Distemper; and a Cure is a Cure; which we are very sure of, if we swallow but Water ENOUGH.

I am sorry I am forced to say so much in the Doctor's Defence; a word to the Wise would be enough, had we to do with none but wise People: but we are like all the Folk in the East, both in Ethiopia, the Country of the Abyssines, and other Places where I have travel'd, viz. some are wise, and some are otherwise; therefore I am very willing to unfold the Doctor's mystical meaning, and discover what he means to the meanest Capacity. And if the Doctor will do me the honour, to honour me with his Thanks, I beg of him to deliver them to your Grace, without any Compliment; for if I have done any thing to merit his Gratitude, it is all owing to your Grace's Influence, and therefore is to be given directly to you: and I think verily, I should no more be able to bear a Letter of Thanks from the Doctor, (wrote as he knows how) than I could bear a Musketoon to be fired in my Face without starting; and therefore I beseech your Grace, to lay your Commands upon him on that account, lest he should inadvertently put me into bodily Fear; which he might afterwards be very sorry for.

I heartily wish your Grace length of Days, with increase of Beauty; and a renovation of your Teeth: and that your grey Hairs may
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*prove Nets to entangle Crouds of Admirers;
and that you may live to see cold Water put
down by order of the Senate; and the Doctor
exalted to be Dean of Pickadilly; is the
heartly wish of (may it please you!)*

Your Grace's most humble,

*From my Study,
this 1st of
April, 1723.*

most obliged, and

most obedient Servant,

GABRIEL JOHN.



A Dry Answer to Dr. Hancock's wonderfully - comical Liquid Book, &c.



It is very apt to give me the Cholic, when I see Men of Merit disregarded, as is but too common in this ungrateful Age: When I had the Honour (by divers private Advertisements in the publick News-Papers) to know, that the Doctor's Book grew very famous a long way off *all about home*, and no Answer given to it, I must confess it raised my Indignation exceedingly: For nothing can be a greater Affront to an Author, or shew a greater Contempt of him, than to let him *write on* without *Contradiction*; for that is in effect saying, *he is not worth Notice*. Therefore we Authors, when we see ourselves thus neglected, often do ourselves the honour, to write Answers *to ourselves*, and then Defences *of ourselves*, and very smart ones too, when we are in proper *cue*. Now the Doctor being a Clergyman, it might have been expected that some of his Brethren should have wrote in his Defence: only we might have thought, with good reason, that there is hardly another *Water-drinker*, amongst them all, to defend

the Practice : They are a Body of Gentlemen who know better things, remembring the Apostle's Advice, *to use a little Wine for their Stomach's sake, and their often Infirmities.* And therefore and because that they have not drawn Pen in his Defence, and since the Doctor, out of mere Contempt to himself, and (as it were) on purpose to mortify and affront himself, has not as yet wrote any Answer to himself; I shall, with all Humility, do my self that Honour, against all Opposers whatsoever, if it be to the very last Drop of my Ink : And if there is any Person so vain-glorious or hardy, as to answer this my unanswerable Answer and Defence, I shall answer him by saying nothing at all in answer to him ; which I know will vex him to the very Guts.

In the Doctor's *Liquid Discourse*, besides the Elegancy and Fineness of Style, Loftiness of Expression, Strength of Reasoning, and Depth of Learning ; there are many things worthy of notice. Indeed there are in the Book many things hard to be understood, some that have no meaning at all, and others that have a very good meaning, but it is not to be come at without very deep Learning or Revelation. There are some things in it that the Doctor and every body understands ; and others that neither he, nor any body, but my self, knows any thing of ; and it is for that very Reason, that I now flourish my Pen in the Defence of Dr. Hancock and fair Water, and am now just beginning to begin.

The Doctor is very careful that People should know he is no Physician, and often gives the Caution ; which, altho it is a good Mark of the Doctor's Integrity, yet I think it needless, because whoever reads the Doctor's Book (if he has but half an Eye) will see that GREAT TRUTH in every Page, and many other very momentous ones :

ones : As where the Doctor says, *that he once had* p. 45.
a violent Cough, and eat a vast Quantity of stewed
Prunes ; that he had as clever a Son as most are ; p. 28.
that he walk'd ten Miles to Breakfast ; and that he p. 55. 18.
exposes himself to the Contempt of many ; and supposes p. 65.
that he shall not be able to persuade any one to use this
Method ; that he has said enough, and perhaps some p. 30.
People will say too much, as to what he has said per- p. 66.
haps foolishly of the Gout ; and that he knows some p. 47.
Readers will think he is too full of himself, &c. Tho
with great Submission, I think this last a needless
Fear in the Doctor, for (except there be a Spring in
his Guts) how can the Doctor be too full of him-
self, when he has just emptied himself of a whole
Book of 108 Pages full of Water ? Indeed small
Vessels are soon full. But had he his individual
Self intire, and whole within himself, I don't
think he would run over very much ; and if he
was not so full as to run over, he would with no
Propriety of Speech be said to be too full of him-
self : but this en passant ; for all this comes from
the Doctor out of the same Humility and Self-
Abasement, as when he emphatically cries out
(like one in a Fright) I am no Physician, and but p. 15.
a Smatterer in any kind of Philosophy.

Now, lest any Sauce-Box should ask (since the Doctor owns that he is neither Physician nor Philosopher) how is it that he wrote his Dissertations on cold Water, and thereby pretends to cure Fevers, which is the Business of a Physician ? The Doctor, in answer to it, (or rather to anticipate such an Objection) confesses *it is a little out of his way. But (says he) I am not the* p. 108.
first that has wrote of a Subject he knows little of :
and it looks as if he desired he should not be the
last that should write so, when he invites the
Physicians *to write Books in Divinity. Well !* *ibid.*
by LITTLE here, (the Doctor being a very

metonymical Gentleman) his meaning is, *not* that he knows *but little*, but that he knows *nothing at all* of it; *knowing little* being often a *Periphrasis* of *total Ignorance*, as might easily be prov'd out of *Renard the Fox, Valentine and Orson*, and many others of the most valuable of the Antients.

But now, lest any should say, if the Doctor has wrote a new Discovery in Physick, and yet is no Physician, nor knows but *very little* of the Matter, how is it that he has hit upon a thing which was never dream'd of since the Creation of the World, even from *Adam* down to *Doctor Case*? To which I reply, in the Doctor's Words, that *a Draught of cold Water, taken when one goes to bed, gives easy, quiet, and undreaming Sleep*: So that it was not possible for the cold Water-drinkers to dream any thing of the Matter, as the Doctor has most learnedly and *drowsily* done, for 108 Pages together; for they drinking Water constantly every Night, had as constantly *undreaming Sleeps*, and so never dream'd of *this Matter*; which the Doctor wisely observing, when he had any Impulse towards new Discoveries, he eat half a Porringer of stewed Prunes, and so went to sleep upon it, where he had this *cold Water Revelation*. So that what he (in Language lofty and fine enough) calls *a short Account of his long Experience*, is only an Account of his manifold Dreams, by the neighbourly Assistance of stewed Prunes. And all this I know, not only by the Doctor's Confession, but by the *Profundity* of my Art, and the many Dreams I have had concerning him; by which I am able to interpret all his *Cabalistical Conundrums*, which no Man but my self knows any thing of. And that he has a prophetic Spirit (altho he wrote his Book when he was fast asleep, and so knows not when he wrote it, nor what is in it) appears by his

his foretelling what a Spirit of *Risibility* would appear abroad at his writing a Book ; when he says, *if I durst, for being laugh'd at, &c.* and that P. 57.
it would be labour lost to persuade any one to use this Method, it being so much out of the common way.

Now how could the Doctor have *told*, or *foretold* all this, unless he had it by Revelation ? and how could he have it reveal'd but in a Dream ? and how could he dream except he eat stewed Prunes, and went to sleep ? Indeed some People dream waking, but then I observe, they never make any great Discoveries.

There is *a time for all things* ; and some one or other was the first inventor of every Art, even to make Mouse-Traps and Pudding-Bags ; and the Doctor is the first that prescrib'd cold Water for Sweating, altho he has not said whether it will be a *cold Sweat*, or a *hot one*, which (under Correction) was a very great oversight, and which I readily pardon for the sake of the Doctor's superior Merit, and many Excellencies ; and do say, that if the Doctor has the Art to make People *immortal*, what is that to any body ? There must be a time to find out the Longitude, *if ever it be done* ; and some body or other must do it, *if any body does* ; ay, and the Philosopher's Stone too : and none more likely than the Doctor to do both of them, who seems to have a very *Longitudinal Head*, and he cannot but have a cool Brain for Reasons very evident. Now what can we assign as the Cause of the *Longevity* of the *Antediluvians*, but their abundantly drinking of pure Element ? If *Methusalem* had drank *October* or *Gin*, he had not lived 500 Years ; and we see how it fared with good *Noah*, how that after he had tasted the Juice of the Grape, his Constitution was so broke, that he linger'd on but 350 Years after the Flood : But according to Gen. 9. 28.
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the Doctor's *Theory* no Man ever died of a Fever before the Flood; and it's very unaccountable how they should die of it since, in Countries where they drink nothing but Water; and to be sure drink it in Bed too, where if they do not sweat, as the Doctor says they will, I cannot help it. But *undoubtedly* the thing is Fact, that no Man need to die of a Fever unless he will; for two half Pints of Water taken in Bed, produce a Sweat, that Sweat carries off all the morbidick Matter by Perspiration, and so the Patient is well again in the twinkling of a Bed-staff; which no Man ever was so happy as to hit upon, till it was revealed to the Doctor in a Dream: so that as the *Romans* never heard of the Cholick till the Days of *Tiberius*; nor we of the Small-Pox before the *Arabian* Physicians, nor of the Rickets until Dr. *Glisson*, nor of the hysterick Cholick (as such) until *Sydenham*; so Dr. *H.* has the Honour of the first Discovery of *Fever-frighting* by cold Water.

Now altho the Doctor's most *outrageous Modesty* would not suffer him to tell us so; yet he knows as well as I, and would say so too (if he had the gift of utterance) that cold Water would equally cure Red-Noses, Cramps, Corns, kib'd Heels, the Mulligrubs, or Vapours in Women, and many other Distempers not mention'd in the Doctor's Book; and even the Dropsy it self, altho a watry Distemper: for altho *Water* upon *Water* would be false *Heraldry*; yet as we know by happy Experience in eating, that one Shoulder of Mutton will drive down another, then by the same way of Reasoning, why may not one quart of Water (*vi & armis*, as it were) drive a gallon of Water out of the *Abdomen*, that had tyrannically taken up its quarters there, without any Right or Title to the possession of the Premises;

mises; or render a Person of such a *juicy Constitution*, as to make him piss a Pottle of Water for every pint of Ale he drinks.

For the Doctor says, *That it is a wonderful* p. 30.
Aperient, promotes Circulation, sensible and insensible Perspiration, creeps by the fineness of its Parts into the minutest Vessels, and capillary Arteries, and dilutes the Humours that beget Obstructions, imbibes and absorbs the noxious tartarous Salts that are apt to stagnate in the capillary Vessels, and carries them out with it self by insensible Perspiration, &c.

But by what sort of *Mechanism* it does all this, or by what *Modus*, the Doctor is not so kind as to tell us. But he says, not only *that it will cure all manner of Fevers, which are exceedingly different, both in their Causes, Signs, method of Cure, &c. but that any sort of Water will* Vide his
do the Trick equally alike, whether that of Advertise-
Pump, or Well, or River, provided it be clear and ment.
sweet: and tells you of this peculiar Excellency which it possesses, and which you can hope for from no other thing under the Sun, (except a Chip in your Porridge) viz. take it as often as you p. 30.
will, whether it works a Cure or not, it will do you no harm, and that it is infinitely safer than Mercury. Which last is a very valuable hint, some People might else have dreaded to drink it in due quantities, for fear of a Salivation and sore Jaws.

And I can't say but the Doctor is very cautious what he asserts in divers places, as, *I think I am pretty sure it will cure it: and in another* p. 57.
place, I can't say I have ever tried it, but am confident it would do the work; that is, I am sure that I am sure on't, if I am not mistaken, which is a very modest way of expressing a moral Suasion: and as he is very cautious, so he is very happy in chusing out happy, elegant and lofty Expressions, and very frequent in the Repetition of
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them to every purpose, which gives a great Beauty to his Performance, *viz.* apt to conclude, apt to suspect, apt to believe, pretty sure, pretty much, pretty cool, pretty betimes, pretty violent, pretty good, pretty well satisfied, a touch of it, generally speaking, much what difficult, look pitifully, bad, badly, kindly sweat, I fancy, for ought I know, mostly, I think I am fully satisfied, I don't know but that it may do good, I boldly assert, if I don't misremember, upon the matter, Fevers are tickle things, with many other Pen-and-Ink words, not to be met with but amongst the *Literati* and brightest Wits. But it is inimitably fine, the Directions he gives to Cholick Patients when they drink Water: they must keep themselves in a moving Posture; now sit, now lie, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, — (good!) lean forward — (better and better!) lean backward (better still!) tumble on a Bed (most excellent!) and if they can (and not else!) sometimes stand on their Head (excellent!) and if they can bear it (without being Sea-sick) get into a Coach, and ride on the Stones, (prodigious!) or get on Horseback (or upon a Mare) to set the peristaltick Motion of their Bowels on work, being first cramb'd full of cold Water, which the Doctor is very sure would do the work, *altho* he never tried it. Oh! methinks it's great pity the Doctor did not put all these fine things into Verse, either *Pindarick* or *Hudibrastick*: which done by his masterly Hand, *Milton* and *Addison* must both have veil'd to him.

p. 58.

p. 6. The Doctor tells us, that many of the Antients gave Water in Fevers; but their wiser Sons, like naughty Eoys, left it off, as thinking 'tis likely, that Champain and Burgundy was preferable; like the old Song of,

Betty

Betty would drink no Water,
 For she had a Conceit
 Came into her Pate
 That Sack and Sugar was better, &c.

However Galen, like a bloody Author as he was, advises to let Blood till the Patient faints, and to drink Water. Oh, hard-hearted Galen! till he looks pale. But this I conceive is only done, when Ladies want a Complexion, or Men are troubled with Copper-Noses, or the like: Tho in case of a Plethora, Hippocrates gives nothing but Water for three days together; by nothing, here the Doctor must mean, not absolutely nothing, but comparatively nothing, viz. nothing but that, whilst he drank nothing else; or (more elegantly) nothing, but nothing, besides Water; so that there was nothing except nothing, and when nothing was taken from nothing, there was nothing remaining for the Patient but Water, and a little nothing else, &c. And notwithstanding the Doctor assures us, That he is a Man of very little Curiosity; yet, he has look'd over a great many Physick Books, both Antient and Modern, as far as Indexes will carry him: so that to turn over most of the Antients and Moderns, has nothing of Curiosity attending it; and it is a sign the Doctor was curious, (whatever he says to the contrary) when he has been looking for a Book of Vander Heidens this 20 Years, and has the good luck at last to find it; which it is very reasonable he should, after so long a search, as might have found the Philosopher's Stone, or even a Needle in a Bottle of Hay. But woe is me! After all his search, he finds nothing in him of giving Water as a sudorifick in Fevers; nor does he find that Physicians have had hitherto any Notion of Sweating in Fevers,

Fevers, by plentiful Doses of cooling Liquids, and particularly Water. No certainly! nor ever will, if he searches till the seven Stars come to fourteen, the discovery is all Dr. *Hancock's*; and it is my *Advice*, that he gets a *Patent* for it; it not being just, that any Man should interfere in so important a Project, and beneficial Invention, which was reveal'd to him in a Dream.

Our Physicians generally are so weak as to judge of Water, according to its *Transparency*, *Fluxility*, *Inspidness*, and as it is more or less united with *vegetable*, *mineral*, or *terrene* Particles, which are of different *Natures* and *Gravities*, according to what Parts it travels through: so they say *Rain-Water* soonest stinks, because the freest from mineral Particles, but loaded with *volatile ones*; if it was not for which, it would be the best to drink of all others; but *Spring-Water* being less apt to corrupt, altho heavier, is fitter for common use; and, that of what Nature soever the Mineral (or other) Particles are, with which any Water is fill'd, these, according to their several *Gravities*, the *Capacity* of the *Canals*, &c. will, when they come to circulate in the animal Body, be, by the Laws of Motion, deposited in one part or other, and according to their Qualities or Principles are often undigestable in the Body, and often produce Concretions in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Joints; also Scurvies, Tumors in the Spleen; and by their *corrosive Salts* twitch and irritate the Membranes of the Stomach and Bowels, hinder Digestion, and when they come into the Blood, obstruct the small Canals, of insensible Transpiration, and so cause *Cachexies*, Pains in the Limbs, livid Spots in the Skin, &c. and our Well-Waters *incrust* the insides of the Ladies Tea-kettles very much, as every one may observe; and those that

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are of a lax Constitution, cannot bear Water-drinking at all, which spoils both their Appetite and Digestion; and that *mineral Waters* would do the same, were it not for their stiptick Quality, whose Salts carry them into the Habit of the Body, and thereby inable them to open Obstructions: But those Waters which come from chalky Springs are the best, because in Chalk we find no unwholesom Mineral.

River-Water partakes of the Soil it runs through, and is a Compound of *Spring* and *Rain Waters* together. *Rain-Water* is prefer'd as a Diluter before any others, and *Well-Water* is subject to the same and greater inconveniency than those from the *Spring*, because by its *Stagnation* it is apt to take up many *pernicious Particles*, besides what is brought thither; and therefore of all others, is the most to be suspected. *Pond-Water* is mostly from *Rain-Water*, and the most *uncleanly* of all others, &c. But the Doctor takes no notice of all this difference; but as I observed before, he says, *it is indifferent of what sort it is, so it be clear and sweet*; and that he generally uses *Pump-Water*, which being from a *stagnating Spring*, is one of the worst he could have pitch'd upon.

So in Fevers our Physicians distinguish between one and another sort of them, and tell us that what we now call a *Fermentation* of the Blood, the Antients call'd *Putrefaction*, and from hence named such Fevers as proceeded from thence *putrid Fevers*, meaning thereby a more mild dissolution of the Blood, that indeed *hinders*, but not *totally suffocates* the *vital Expansion* of it; and that crude Humors mixed with the Blood are generally the *material Cause*, and the *Fermentum Febrile* the *efficient Cause* of putrid Fevers; and from a malignant Crudity of Matter mixed with
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the Blood arise malignant Fevers ; and that the diversity of Fevers proceeds from the different Fermentation of the Blood ; and that there are as many differences of *febrile Ferments*, as there are divers Natures and Dispositions of Crudities incident to the Blood ; and that in the *Ephemora* there is an Inflammation on the Spirits, in the *humoral* a fire in the humours, in the *hectic* one in the *solid Parts*, and that in the *malignant*, a venomous *Miasm* infects the Blood, and congeals its Liquor ; with many other distinctions too long for this Paper ; all which call for very different Methods of Cure. But the Doctor (like no Physician as he is) gives Water of *any sort* in Fevers of *every sort*, without considering the Nature of the one or the other ; and makes cold Water as grand a *Catholicon* as the *Dutchman's Butter*, which was good for *every thing*.

The Doctor knows better than to talk of a *Crisis*, but has the *knack* to drown a *Féver* before it comes to a *Crisis*, and *slap-dash* sends it a packing, as soon as it was born ; by carrying it thro the Pores, with all its acrid Salts, and other Malignity, along with it, like Water thro an Alembick : But he is not so much of an *Alchymist* as to know, that no Salts come over the Helm in Distillation ; as he might find if he distill'd salt Water, which would come over all fresh, and leave the Salt behind.

p. 8. The Doctor is a little *testy* at the Translator of *Bellini's Book de Febris*, which he, like a naughty Man as he was (the better to make his Book sell) call'd, *A mechanical Account of Fevers*, altho there was nothing *mechanical* in all that Discourse ; which makes me very cautious how I call his *Febrifugum Magnum* a mechanical Account of *cold Water*, for this would be to wrong the Doctor *most immechanically* ; and tho I am
not

not the Doctor's *Translator*, yet I am his *Commentator*, and explain his meaning (*where there is any*) not perhaps according to the *Letter*, but according to the *Spirit* of it, as a late *Grand Monarch* used to do his *Treaties*, and according to the *Revelation* he once had when he was *fast asleep*, and under the inspiration of *Morpheus*: and therefore if I should call his Book a *new Theory*, a *new Revelation*, or a *liquid Dream*, of fair Water and Fevers, I hope he would not call me *coram nobis* for it. For I am so far from envying the Doctor that Honour, which is justly his due on this account, that was it in my power, he should have a chief Place in *Winstanley's Water-Works*, *in perpetuam rei Memoriam*.

The Doctor says *very gravely*, and cautiously, that *for ought he knows*, Dr. Sydenham broke the Ice as to the *cold Regimen*; now if the Doctor first broke the Ice, it is no wonder that he *first* got at the Water, for how should he else come at it? But be that as it will, this is a *notable Discovery*, and a very *useful Note* in our way; and which every Reader might not have understood, if I had not thus explain'd it.

The Doctor, like a generous Soul, says, that no body would be more glad than he to see *Physick*, both in *Theory* and *Practice*, reduced to a *Demonstration*. There have been many ingenious Books wrote of late about the animal *O'Economy*, animal *Secretion*, &c. we have *mechanical* accounts of *Fevers*, and of the *Non-naturals*; but these are not enough to raise *Physick* to a *demonstrative Science*, equal to *Geometry*; and to prove it, he learnedly says, There are a great many *Rationale's* of *Fevers* by *eminent Hands*, as *Mechanical* as any can be given from *Geometry* or *Algebra*, *Mechanicks* or *Hydrostaticks*. And again, Well! we'll suppose all this done, and done *Mechanically* and to a *Demonstration*, what are we the better?

How!

p. 15.

How! nothing the better for a *Mathematical Demonstration*? No, for *I believe that all our Reasonings are dark* (the Doctor speaks experimentally) *and short, and far from Demonstration, in this, as in most Philosophical matters, and that Physick has little to do with Geometry, except perhaps in some very few parts of it.* Now if the Doctor does not want an Interpreter, no Man ever did: for first he wants to see Physick reduced to a *Demonstration*; and secondly he says it has been done, as mechanically as can be by *Geometry or Algebra, Mechanics or Hydrostaticks*, and to a *Demonstration*, even just as he wish'd it, and yet it all signifies nothing; for it is all short of a *Demonstration*, or, altho it is *demonstratively demonstrated*, yet it wants a *Demonstration*: for our Reasonings are so short, that we know not when a Thing is *demonstrated* very plainly, and when not; which is another plain *Demonstration* that the Doctor was fast asleep at the time of writing this *demonstrative Demonstration*.

p. 14.

But to compound for this *Allegory*, the Doctor insinuates that Distempers may be cured, without our being at least *demonstratively* sure, either of the Cause of them, or the manner of the Operation of the Medicine that cures them; and that we must regard Experience with some little Reasoning upon it: but then being conscious, that this way of talk is *Old-womanish*, he asks this question, *to what purpose is all this?* (that is, if it is to no purpose, to what purpose is it?) to which he very archly replies, *I design it for nobody but my self.* Now as the Doctor goes out of the common road in every thing, so he is certainly the first Man that ever wrote a Book for himself: which, however, is a plain Proof that he is no *Empirick*, for they pretend to do all for the *publick good*; whereas the Doctor

p. 15.

writes

writes for the good of himself only; and that if *he be sure of the Hoti, he does not trouble himself a-* p. 14
bout the Dihoti; and like a good Man, owns, that p. 8
 all his Experience came by *Accident*, and that
 six Months before he wrote his Book, he had
 forgot the most common Terms in Physick, and
 the names of common Simples and Compositions, p. 16
 and that he was in fear to talk more like a *Fool*
 than a Physician, and therefore he took time to
 read a little; and certainly he was very much
 in the right on't, for he had else most certainly
 made a most wretched piece of work on't. I
 am intirely of the Doctor's opinion, *that we have* p. 19
a set of as learned and good Physicians as ever we had,
or perhaps (or without a perhaps) ever shall have.
 And the more is the pity, for of what use will
 they be? For if a Patient be ill, it is only put-
 ting him to Bed, and giving him a pint of cold
 Water, and whip! the Fever is gone; or as the
 Doctor more waggishly has it, *put him to Bed, and* p. 13
pour a pint of cold Water on his Head, and he will be
as quiet as a Lamb. Gentlemen, do you see this
thirsty, red-hot Phantom? Gentlemen, this is
 what we call a *Fever*; now Gentlemen, you shall
 see, how by my Art of *hocus pocus*, I'll make this
 Tyrant run away, like a Dog that has burnt his
 Tail. In the name of cold Water: Hey! pass!
 presto! arise Blunderbus! *Hixius Doxius!* Be-
 gone! — look ye there Gentlemen! do you
 see now? — *Lau ye now!* where's the Fever?
 Gone! fled! and dead as a Door-Nail. It's true
 there is something more to be said, when you
 exorcise a Fever out of an old Maid, or a Person
 with a *Crump-back*. Which tho I could tell ye all
 that Trick, yet for brevity-sake, I shall omit it,
 till I publish my Essays on *stewed Prunes*, and
 pickled Cucumbers, which cannot be done (*for*
Reasons of State) until after the Dog-days.

- p. 10. The Doctor says, that this Trick of *Fever-killing* he little thought (*viz.* dream't) of 30 Years ago; and for near that time, he has not
- p. 16. had a Physick-Book by him to read: So that he has neither read, nor been taught, and yet is become a great *Dab* at Physick; which is *tacitly* owning what I have been striving to prove, that the Doctor had it by Revelation in a Dream; and the first occasion of it was, that about 28
- p. 19, 20. Years ago, the Doctor had a terrible Fit of the Jaundice, a Fever, and Cough; that if he had not sat up for two Months together, he had been *broke to pieces*. Now, as the Doctor is a very *Ænigmatical* Gentleman, I am to acquaint the gentle Reader, that the Doctor was *Hide-bound*, and so if he had not sat up, had *burst his Skin*, or *broke to pieces*: but this is not all, for he got up Phlegm as *black as his Hat*; he got it up, but has left us in the dark as to the manner how, neither do we know how black the Doctor's Hat was, which is another misfortune; and it may be doubted, whether that black *Phlegm* had been any blacker than *Butter-milk*, if the Breach in the Doctor's Lungs had not tinctur'd it with Blood, which in most Christians is *red*. However, the next Spring the Doctor was afraid, because of the *breach in his Lungs*, lest he should *not get thro it*; that is, he was afraid he should not be able to *mount the Breach*: but how he should get thro a breach in his own Lungs, is a *Problem*, not to be solved by *Euclid*. However so it was, that's certain, and the *Breach* fill'd up, and Jaundice cur'd, with cold *Water*.
- p. 21. Then the Doctor tells us, *he had a Son of his own*: Good! the Doctor had a Son of *his own*, who was his own Son; that *fell ill*, got up, came down, fell down, was carried to Bed, fell into a Sweat, and sweat so much, that he drench'd his

his *Shift*. N. B. By *Shift* here, we must understand *Shirt*, and then the thing is as plain as a *Pike Staff*: However by this Sweat with cold Water the Child got as *sound as a Roach*; but p. 22. thro taking cold, *fell ill again*, and *sweat upon the Matter*, and was cur'd. Now there is nothing difficult in all this, but *sweating upon the Matter*, when we had not heard of any great *Matter* in all the Story: I do affirm that by *Sweating upon the Matter*, the Doctor did not mean, that the Boy had an Ulcer upon his Back which ran *Matter* or *Pus*; but the Bed being a *material Substance*, and Substance being *Matter*, and the Doctor being very *Conundrumically* inclin'd; the Child's *sweating upon the Matter*, is no more than if the Doctor had told us, in *plain English*, that the Child sweat *on his Bed*; and there's an end of the *Matter*.

Another Story of the Doctor's is, that a *Woman* in his neighbourhood *fell ill*, and so ill, that the good *Women* about her stick'd not to say it was little better than the *Plague*. Strange!—but stranger yet; the *Man* kept a *Coffee-House*! Well, and what then? Why then the *Man* *fell ill* also, p. 23. and so ill, that he own'd himself worse than his *Wife* was; that is, proceeding from bad to worse! an ill *Wife*, and a *Husband* worse than She: and it appears he was a very ill *Man*, by this Circumstance, That when a *Clergyman* persuaded him to go to *Bed* (or upon the *Matter*) because he thought he could cure him; the *Man* thought he banter'd him. Sorry *Man*! Not to believe a *Man*, that assur'd him of a Cure, in *verbo Sacerdotis*. However at last, he persuaded him to go to *Bed*, made him drink a quart of Water, *fell into a great Sweat*, and the next Day was well: here's the *Woman* *fell ill*, and the *Man* *fell ill*, and so ill, that he was worse than

his Wife; till the Clergyman *persuaded* him to be *persuaded* to go to Bed, where a quart of Water *fell* into the Man's Guts, by which he *fell* into a great Sweat, and so *fell* very well again, contrary to the opinion of several *learned old Women* of great Veracity: so making good the Proverb, that *all's well that ends well*.

p. 26.

The next Secret the Doctor discovers is, *That within a Year after he took Orders, he was Curate in a great Parish, eight or ten Miles over.* This was a great Parish indeed! eight or ten Miles over quoth-a! sure this was the Parish of *Kent* or *Cumberland*, or some other Parish out of the Bills of Mortality. But what may stumble the Reader, is the word *OVER*, viz. whether the Doctor means it was eight or ten Miles in *Diameter*, or in *Length*, or so much in *Circumference*; because we don't find of what *Geometrical Figure* it consisted, whether an *oblong Triangle*, or a *triangular Square*. But we can easily set this matter in a very clear Light, by saying (and that truly) that eight or ten Miles *over*, is eight or ten Miles *over*. But, what is yet more wonderful is, that *in it there was a great Market-Town*: What! a Market-Town in a Parish it did not belong to? Now some People would have said, that in *such* a County, there was a *great Market-Town*, whose Bounds or Extent were *such*, as were eight or ten Miles in *Diameter*. But the Doctor gives us an account of a large Parish, with a large Market-Town in it! But in this *great Parish* and *great Town*, there being a *great many* Folk sick, a *great many* died, on which account the Doctor put on his *considering Cap*. A fancy ran in his Head that *Sudorificks* were the most proper Cure for Fevers, and that was the very first occasion of his *hitting upon this Secret of the cold Regimen*! Happy Man! and happy we, to live to see it divulg'd!

p. 27.

But

But now comes *the Cream of the Jest*; the Doc-^{ibid.}tor says, that he has verily thought this twenty Years (and that's a very long thought indeed!) that if a Man would drink off a *Pint* or *Quart* of Water when he feels the Ague a coming upon him, and go to Bed upon it (and sweat, I suppose, tho the Doctor does not say so) he believes it would cure him at the second taking it at farthest!—— I don't wish the Doctor an Ague, to make the Experiment, but the very thoughts of it are apt to put one into a Condition far different from a Sweat. But the Doctor I find is willing to substitute cold Water in the room of the Bark: for he says, *that he had a Son, as CLEVER and healthful a Man as most are*; (and indeed this is as *clever a Story* as most are in his Book) *that got an Ague, and trusted to the Bark for a Cure, for half a Year together*: But (now you shall hear a *bad, and bad Case*) *whether it were the bad Country, or the bad Ague, or the bad Bark (or the bad Doctor that gave it, or the bad management of the Patient that took it) or the long taking of it if it were good, (or the not cleansing the first Passages before he began to take it, or took it in proper quantities, or at due intervals, all which some silly Physicians think essential to the Cure of an Ague with the Bark) he never after was an healthy Man: but I believe it is easier to get good Water than good Bark. True! true! and much cheaper too!* Besides the conveniency of taking it *whole, and without powdering*. But as there is sometimes a difficulty to get good Bark, so I fear it will be full as difficult to get Water *so good* as to cure an Ague, which if the Doctor can do, I shall say, it is *clever Water*.

As to the Bark, its Contexture (upon its being broke) appears like little *Cylinders*, or *Needles*
shoot-

shooting one over another, and when it is broke transversly, those Points appear very visible ; and the difficulty of reducing it to an impalpable Pouder, and the little alteration it undergoes by a long Infusion, with its manifest Astringency on the Tongue, are sufficient Proofs of its Solidity, and angular Figure. And hence we learn how it is *so effectual* in the Cure of Agues: and that is, 1. Sometimes to destroy those *Viscidities* in the Juices, that obstruct the Capillaries and small Vessels: And, 2. To invigorate the Vibrations of the Solids, and to draw them up to such a *Tensify*, as may prevent the Generation of new Matter. Now by the smallness, solidity, and irregularity of its Particles, when mixed with the Blood, it presently increases the *Occurrences*, and Impulses of its Parts one against another, whereby its *Cohesions* will be broke, and the occasion of them prevented for the future : that is, the Blood *thereby* will become *less viscid*, and *more fluid*, and so *Digestion*, and a proper *Comminution* of the Juices, will be the better perform'd, by its *corrugating* the Nerves, and making the Contractions of the Vessels more vigorous. And thus when the Blood comes to be loaded with the Particles of this *Drug*, the Fibres in all Parts will be shortened, and corrugated at once, whereby the whole Body will acquire such a strength and firmness, as will inable it not only to keep off the Attacks of the morbidick Matter, but to expel it, as an Enemy, out of the whole human *System*. I could say much more to account for the operation of the Bark, in the Cure of Agues ; but I conceive the Doctor is an utter stranger to this kind of Reasoning, and therefore shall *puzzle him* no farther ; only desire him *if he can*, to give so much as *one Reason*, why Water should cure an Ague, and then, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

Apollo. But these are Speculations peculiar to Men, that are got but very little farther than the P. 14. old, *calidum & siccum, frigidum & humidum, calidum & humidum, frigidum & siccum, of the Antients.* But to proceed,

As at p. 21. the Doctor told us he had a Son of his own, that fell ill with Trembling and Shiverings; so here he as elegantly informs us that he had a Daughter of his own, which as he thought fell ill of a Fever, but it proved the Small-Pox; he gave her a good Dose of cold Water; but how much that good Dose was, the Doctor does not say, but he says something as edifying, and that is, *that it did not make her sweat, which he wonderfully wonder'd at; and that he gave her Toast and Water, which he assures us, is a very pleasant Liquor, almost of the colour of Canary; upon which the Small-Pox came out plentifully, and she slept well upon the matter; and which is still better and gooder, the Lady did not lose her Beauty, (which I heartily rejoice at) nay to this Day, unless you look very near (which would be very unmannerly) and almost on purpose, (or for the nonce, and with a design to spy Faults) you cannot see that she has had 'em.* And the Doctor says that he don't remember that ever he saw any one, that had 'em worse; that is (*says the Doctor very learnedly*) p. 36. *that had more of 'em.* So that to have a great Plenty of a good sort, is to have 'em as bad as bad can be: but the Doctor is so good as to explain himself by saying, *I am sure never any, with so many, that had 'em better; that is, he never saw any body that had 'em worse, that ever had 'em better.* And hence it appears, he says, that the Life of the Game (*most ciceronically express'd!*) is to quell the Fever at the very first. But very often, there is no Fever at all, or not sufficient to drive out and plump the Pustules: Oh! no matter.

matter, whether there is any Fever or not, yet *quell it and keep it under*; for it is the *Life* of the *Game*; but what that *Game* is, I must wait for another *Dream* to discover; but it seems to me, at present, *a Game at Hotcockles*.

P. 41.

Well, Water is not only the *best Remedy* in the Small-Pox, but the *Measles* also; and here the Doctor tried it (*like a good Man, that would not try Tricks upon Strangers*) upon another of his own Daughters; but first, he put her under the Care of an antient Apothecary, (*half as good as an ordinary Doctor*) however the young Lady grew *worser and badder*; insomuch that the Doctor's Lady would not trust her *with any body*, but sat up her self, with *some body* to assist her; so that she had a much better Opinion of *some body*, than she had of *any body*, whom (for good Reasons no doubt) she would not trust however. Notwithstanding the good Lady her self did all she could, and had the assistance of *some body*, and then it's like would have took the advice of *any body*; yet the Daughter was so ill, that they had thoughts of sending for the Apothecary in the Night-time; but he being neither *some body*, nor *any body*, but being Old, was next of kin to *no body*: and therefore they did not think fit to send for him; but the Doctor sent his Lady to Bed; and with four Wine-glasses of cold Water, given at a small distance, brought the Patient from Death's door, (*where she was just lifting up the Latch to go in*) and placed her in *statu quo*, without so much as calling the Apothecary out of his Bed; to the Doctor's *immortal Honour*, and the Damsel's *great Consolation*, the old Lady's *exceeding Joy*, and the whole Family's *Edification*; and all by the *quintessential Spirit of cold Water*! Well! all this may be: but the Plot thickens, and the best is yet behind:

hind: at twenty one or twenty two Years of Age the Doctor was in a *bad Consumption*, and so *bad* it was, that his Doctor thought he would die; and the Doctor being born for great Discoveries, and having observ'd that in *all* Colds, *some* sharp Rheum comes out of the Nose, tho the greater part falls upon the Lungs, resolv'd to try if he could not turn the Current wholly to his Nose; wisely considering that it was more *eligible* to have a *sore Nose*, than *sore Lungs*: and a very *sore*, but *deep* thought it was! So that he assures us, *the very next Cold he had, he did nothing else* (that is, he did nothing but blow his Nose, whilst he was blowing it) *but blow his Nose as hard as he could, without bringing Blood, for a day or two*; and at length by that method, brought the *handle of his Face* to so compliable a Temper, that from thence forward all his Colds discharg'd themselves *most obediently* that way, without any loss of Time, or hindrance of Business; and then by taking cold Water, he so thick-p. 451 ened the Rheum, and sweetned the *Lympha*, that he could *follow his Nose* in a few days with great *Tranquillity*, and see as far beyond it as usual.

Thus far I have led the *gentle Reader* on, by easy steps, to contemplate the Excellency of a Gentleman, born for great Things, whose Notions (like the purling Streams from whence he takes the Water with which he cures *every thing*) glide on with sweetest softness, and travel thro many secret *Meanders*, still affording something charming and new. *Hitherto* we have been entertain'd with the Use and Excellency of *cold Water*; and one would think nothing more could be added: But the dear surprizing dreaming Man, all on a sudden, and when no living Soul dreamt any thing of the matter, makes at once a *transition* from *cold Water*; and most agreeably entertains us with a dish of *stewed Prunes*.

ibid.

I cannot find a better place (says this great Man) to tell the World what cur'd the breach in my Lungs; I cough'd up Blood, or bloody Matter, for six or seven Years, more or less, and chiefly in a Morning; and because I could not walk so far as the New-River-Head without coughing up Blood, I was wholly confin'd to walk in the Town. I took all the Remedies I could think of my self, or be directed to by others without effect. But now for the greatest Discovery that ever was made known to the Sons of Men! I came home one Night when I was very bad (and it is to be fear'd that he came home but badly) my Wife asked me if I would eat any Supper, (and a very proper question it was) I said NO (it is very probable that it was, no I thank ye, only the Doctor does not love to trumpet his own Praises) said she (that is, Mrs. H. said) I have some stewed Prunes, you used to love those (what a kind, innocent, and sweet Confabulation was here!) I consented she should bring some of them.—— She brought me a pint Porringer half full, —I eat 'em all up, (that is, all the Prunes, not any of the Porringer) I went to Bed, and in the Morning, whereas I used to cough up Blood, and bloody Matter, three or four times (which made me very weak) that Morning I did not cough up any at all, nor indeed cough at all; and by the continued use of stewed Prunes, half a Pint every Night, (but how long he cannot tell) the Doctor recover'd his Health and Strength. Now how stewed Prunes, that by nature are laxative and opening, should assume to themselves a restraining balsamick Quality, and passing thro the Blood by Circulation arrive at the Lungs, and there electively adhere and stop the bad Breach there, in the space of one Night, the Doctor has omitted to inform us; and I must needs chide him for not putting down in his Diary how many he eat in all; but we will suppose it to be a couple of Hogf-

p. 46.

p. 47.

Hogsheads or thereabouts : However, I think, that is not quite so material, as for him to have given us the Receipt *how they were stewed*; for that I take to be a very great Point, and much to the purpose, and the Doctor would do well to oblige the *learned World* with it. And altho he has already told us, that *cold Water* is the best thing in the World for stopping a Cold, and taking off a Cough, he now assures us that *stewed Prunes are better*; but to make us some amends, he leaves his stewed Prunes at *sixes and sevens*, and runs us insensibly into the virtues of *hot Water*, as he did before from *cold Water* to *stewed Prunes*. *When I was Curate for eight or ten Years in A GREAT PARISH* (probably that before mention'd eight or ten Miles over) *I read Prayers, and preach'd twice, viz. twice a day, (as I have heard of some that did so, and made nothing at all on't) in a great Church, and to a great Congregation (here the word great is the Doctor's great Darling) and had often Buryings and Christenings, the same Evening (and perhaps a Wedding or two in the Forenoon also) I was spent and fatigu'd, and wanted something to refresh me, and take off my Weariness.* Now perhaps you'll ask why he did not take a glass of Sack? Why! he did so, and several other comfortable things besides: But they are all Hog-wash in comparison of hot-Water, with a Toast in it, being drank five or six dishes without Sugar; for the Water imbibes the Spirit of the toasted Bread (*which to be sure is very great and extremely nourishing*) and then the Bread takes off the vomiting quality of the warm Water; so that the one is an Antidote for the other; and it's not so much the quality, as the quantity of the Liquor that gives the refreshment. But if that be so, then Tea Water-grewel, or even Pease-Porridge, may do as well. Why, so they

ibid.

p. 48.

p. 49.

may, *full as well!* only warm Water is better : and this puts me in mind of what I have sometimes heard, that if you make a Posset of hot Water and cold, the *Curd* will not choak ye, which is as great a Truth as any in the Doctor's Book, if I do not *misremember*, as the Doctor very wittily has it.

P. 38.
P. 49. But to follow the Doctor, *I think by this*, (viz. by what he has said of the Excellency of hot Water to refresh one when weary, p. 48.) *any one may see that there cannot be a more refreshing Liquor than Toast and Water in Fevers.* Admirable this! that because it takes off Weariness, it must needs cool a Fever! Hitherto we have been directed to cold Water in Fevers, and now a

P. 47. Toast pops in to warm it; *but that's no matter, the Doctor will speak what he thinks*, that is, he will write what he thinks; and he shall think what he pleases, *maugre* any Man that does think to the contrary. Well! now Water warm'd is best, and continues so for three or four Pages; and

P. 52. then, *I verily believe that a Dose of cold Water given in Bed as soon as the Fever begins (if the Fever begin first)*——Hey day! if the Fever begin first? How first? What! if the Fever begin before you take the Water? I thought the Water had been given, because the Fever was begun, or else what was it given for? Must a Man go to Bed and fill his Guts with cold Water, and lie there expecting a Fever, or how? For the Expression, *begin first*, naturally supposes it. Well! this only shews us, that we are to day Men, and to morrow——*Blunderbusses.* But the Doctor clears himself very *cleverly* of this, by supposing the Fever symptomatical of a *Quinsey, Pleurisy, Erysipelas, &c.* but then he knocks all on the head again, by saying, *generally speaking those Distempers are not the Cause of Fevers, but the contrary.*

As to the Quinsy, p. 51. *he is sure that cold Water will cure it: ay, full as well as Dog's-T— and Honey: no doubt on't! if taken in Time— Right! if taken before you ail any thing, it will most certainly cure ye! —Not that the Doc-* p. 51.
tor is against Bleeding also: No! he is not willing to spoil the Apothecaries Business, and Surgeons also at once; but all he says is, that a Quinsy has been cured even without Blood-letting, and may again by cold Water, tho perhaps better with it. Ay, may-hap so too! for what has been, may be, and there's nothing new under the Sun, except the Doctrine of cold Water, which the Doctor has so generously communicated to the World. But the Doctor has seen a Pleurisy, that was caused by terrible fretting and vexation from unkind Usage, cured by drinking a great DEAL of cold Water. Happy Man! and happy we, that are a fretful Generation, and meet with very unkind Usage to boot! Quære, if it will cure the Frets, that proceed from any other Cause?

But Water is good in Asthma's also of any kind, p. 53.
whether Dyspnæa's, Orthopnæa's, or any other sort with hard Names, or if it proceed from the narrowness and straitness of the Passages of the Lungs, or want of due Elasticity in the Arteries. This may be, but then Ditch-Water taken in March must be the thing; because (the Frogs having then just spawn'd) such Water is then full of Tadpoles, which taken with the Water into the Blood, may by wrigling their Tails about in their Passage, give the Arteries a due Elasticity; and when they come to the Lungs, nestle their little Heads thro the narrow Passages, and clear away all the viscus Matter that lodges there, and so make the Patient long-winded; and if the Doctor can give any better account of the Modus operandi of cold Water in the cure of an Asthma, he is very welcome to it.

But

p. 54.

But he says, if an *Asthma* proceeds from Dryness, or (as I may say) *Schirrousness* of the more solid and fleshy Parts of the Lungs, nothing I think can be better than *Water* to moisten and mollify those *Schirrosities*. Yes, no doubt on't, if one could pour *Water* directly upon the Lungs: but the mischief is, it cannot pass at all thro the *Aspera Arteria*, but that and all other *Potables* as well as *Edibles* go thro the *OEsophagus* to the Stomach, and then passing over the *Pylorus*, and entering the *Venæ Lactææ*, so take their Course with the *Chyle* to the *Receptaculum Chyli*, and from thence arise thro the *Ductus thoracicus* to the left *subclavian Vein*, and so glide on to the descending branch of the *Cava*; and after that to the right *Auricle*, and then to the right *Ventricle* of the Heart; then by its *Systole* they are forced thence into the Lungs, and then descend into the left *Auricle* of the Heart, &c. so that if the Doctor was to swallow a quart of *Water*, it must (comparatively) take as great a Circuit thro his Body, before it could come to his Lungs, as he did, when he

p. 55.

walked eight or ten Miles to Breakfast; and which is more, he did it pretty much upon the stretch too, which is an Expression that puts my Invention as much upon the stretch to come at its meaning, as it will the Doctor's to understand what I have been just now (in an anatomical way) explaining. However the Doctor says, that if he was to walk for a Wager, he would drink a pint of cold *Water*; but let who will walk with him for me! for if he can walk so well for nothing but a Breakfast, how would he stretch his Legs for a Wager? But now we know the reason why he walks so far for a Breakfast; I seldom want a good Stomach to my Breakfast, and hardly ever yet wanted a good Stomach to my Dinner. So that having naturally a craving Appetite, and being a pretty good Walker in his Time, and still pretty good for his Age, it is no wonder

p. 56.

p. 55.

der why he walk'd eight or ten Miles to a Breakfast, and eight or ten Miles back again to a Dinner.

He says next, *that a glass or two of cold Water* p. 57.
(he thinks) will cure the Heart-burning sooner than Chalk. But what if Chalk was given in the Water?—Ay, that's true! but then one should be in more danger of getting the Green-sickness; and perhaps *that* the Doctor was aware of: However, this he very modestly tells us, with an *[I think]* but now *he thinks he is pretty sure* (or he is pretty sure that he thinks) a good large Dose of cold Water (a Pond-full, and lie half an hour totally under it) is very good to stop a violent Vomiting, I mean such a Vomiting as comes of it self; that is, such a Vomiting as comes without being sent for. Witty! outrageously witty! the Doctor would not say as our silly Physicians do, a spontaneous Vomiting, but a Vomiting that comes of it self. Well! of all Men that ever wrote, that was not a Physician (as the Doctor says he is none) none ever wrote more unlike a Physician than honest Doctor H.

Says the Doctor, if I durst for being laugh'd at (and indeed there is some danger of it) by the Physicians and others, (but why others?) I would say here what I think of the Cure of the Cholera Morbus by Water. Prithee Man speak out! and let not thy noble Courage be cast down! Why p. 57.
 then, it shall out——If the Water put the Patient into a Sweat——What then?——For ought I know (good!)—It might be a step to the Cure.—However I fancy (and Fancy goes a great way in some things) that it would stop the Vomiting, &c. that is, if the Vomiting came of it self, as is before noted. But of this I know nothing but by guess, (and guess-work they say is best, if it hits) and uncertain Reasoning, in which I may easily be mistaken. p. 58.
 Ay, nothing like Experience! and without Con-
 juring one may tell, that it is easy for the Doctor to

be mistaken, when there is such pregnant Proof of it, for 108 Pages together.

But now the Doctor is seiz'd with a fit of the Cholick ; and says, that he is convinced partly by Reason, and partly by Experience, that cold Water will not only take away a Fit, but the Cause of it too. And I am convinced, not partly and partly, but wholly, and by Reason, that the Doctor is, like his Son, as clever a Man as most are at some Things ; but he seems not to consider how many sorts of Cholicks Mankind is subject to, which proceeding from different Causes, require different Methods of Cure ; so that could the Doctor's cold Water cure any one of them, it is not possible however that it should cure another, proceeding from a quite different Original. As 1. The bilious Cholick, proceeding from Acrimony, or redundancy of Choler irritating the Bowels, and causing a *Diarrhæa* ; and here indeed cold Water bids the fairest. 2. A flatulent Cholick, caused by Wind pent up in the Bowels ; and this calls for *Carminatives*. 3. An hysterick Cholick, which arises from Disorders of the Womb, and affects the Bowels by consent of Parts, and is to be cured by Hystericks. 4. A nervous Cholick, coming from convulsive Spasms, of the Intestines themselves, and is best managed with brisk Catharticks, in conjunction with Opiates, taking plentifully at the same time of emollient Diluters. And the 5. Is the Stone-Cholick, which is to be encounter'd with Nephriticks, oily Diureticks, &c. Now should we manage all these sorts after the same way and manner ; and particularly should we give cold Water in all of them, it would as (as a merry Grig has it) have the same effect, as if we should lay the muzzle of a Pistol into the Patient's Fundament, and let fly in hopes to clear the way of all Obstructions. But the Doctor has this to say, that if his Method should not work the Cure,

it would do but little harm, which, I humbly conceive, is as great an Error as the rest, for the Reasons above; but for the greater certainty, I refer my self to the Doctor's better Judgment. And as to what he says, that a Person of Quality, that had the Cholick, and upon taking cold Water the cholicky Humour was thrown out into a Rash; I think it a rash Experiment, and a great Rashness to imitate the Practice.

The Doctor says, *he believes a regular Gout* p. 62. *would cure the Rheumatism; that is, it would do it, as eating plentifully of Garlick takes away the smell of Onions, from a Person that has his Breath perfum'd with 'em; and much about as cleverly as cold Water would cure the Rheumatism,* p. 63. *and Gout too, which the Doctor verily believes it will; and says, that Physicians have hardly been more mistaken in any thing than the notion of Con-* p. 72. *coction. And Dr. Willis was so silly as to distinguish between a Fever and its Venom; and that* p. 5. *many learned Physicians have confess'd that they did not understand either the Cause or Cure of Fevers;* p. 3. *and quotes Sydenham as saying, that if Fevers could be cured only by Sudorificks, any body might be* p. 70. *a Physician. Now if the Physicians that wrote of Fevers, did neither understand their Cause or Cure; I beseech the Doctor to tell us what they wrote about? And I may retort upon the Doctor, that if cold Water would cure all Distempers, any body might be a Physician; for there is no great Witchcraft in putting a Person to Bed, and giving him a pint or a quart of cold Water. But the Doctor is for bringing Physick into the compass of a quart Pot: and as others have wrote of Fevers, which they did not understand, either as to their Cause or Cure; the Doctor reveals a certain Cure for 'em without knowing the Cause, or caring a Button from what Cause they proceed, or why Water cures 'em: It is*

sufficient for him that he knows it will *infallibly* do it ; or if not, it will *infallibly* do no hurt ; that is, *if it does not do it, it will let it alone.*

P. 76.

As to Vomiting in Fevers, the Doctor says, *that when occasion is, it may do good, but he never found that occasion, since he used Water in Fevers ; for as soon almost as the Water is given, the inclination to Vomit is gone, and the Stomach is easy.* Now it is hard to say what the Doctor means by Vomiting, whether it be about giving a Vomit, or concerning the *propensity* or inclination to Vomit, that Persons often have in Fevers. If he means the *former*, Water has nothing to do with it, unless given *hot*, and in large quantities ; and if he means the *latter*, what becomes of all that load of *Phlegm* and *Choler* that oppress'd the Stomach, and provok'd Nature to a Discharge that way ? Do they *subside* in the Stomach, and lie quietly there for the future ? Or do they return into the Intestines, and so pass away by Stool ? Or how else do they dispose of themselves ?

P. 77.

I have had a Notion, says the Doctor, a great many Years, (and perhaps a silly one) very likely indeed ! That bleeding, as it is commonly used in Fevers, does neither much good nor much hurt. I shall agree with the Doctor, if he will allow, that it does not do *much good* where the Case does not indicate it, nor *much hurt* where it is *absolutely needful* ; but otherwise (if the Doctor is never so waspish) I shall affirm that it does good or harm, as it is *wisely* or *unwisely* order'd, which only a prudent Physician is capable to judge of : but the reason of this uncertainty of knowing *when it is to be administered*, the Doctor tells us is, because *Fevers are such tickle Things*. Now here the Doctor wants an *Expositor*, for our *English ones* have no such word ;—tickle Things !—the word *tickles* my Fancy strangely ! and is really a *ticklish Point*.—

I fancy the Doctor still remembers a fragment of an old Song (common when he was a Boy) of John *come tickle me, &c.* But the Doctor's meaning is (if my Dreams do not *misinform* me, or I *misremember 'em*) that Fevers will *tickle a Man till his Heart akes*, or they are *tickle Things*, that is, things that give us a *disagreeable Sensation*; which is a *Discovery* worth all the Price of his Book.

He says, *the only sure way to promote a Circulation* p. 79. *of the Blood, is to alter the Blood it self; and that the great Fault of the Blood in Fevers is, that it wants Serum*: But I can hardly believe that *six, eight or ten Ounces of Blood taken away at the beginning of a Fever, can do any great good.* But with all due respect to the Doctor's *superior Knowledge*, I must reply, that the want of *Serum* is not *always* the *great Fault* in Fevers, nor hardly ever (*at the beginning*) of any: for in some sort of malignant Fevers, particularly those attended with Spots, the Blood suffers a *Dissolution*, and its Texture is wholly dissolv'd and broke; and eight or ten Ounces of Blood taken away at the beginning of a Fever, when the whole Blood abounds in *quantity*, will help to stop its Career, and so abate its Force against the Vessels too much oppress'd by its *quantity*, bearing hard against their sides; which quantity being abated, its impetuosity is the easier curb'd, by proper *Diluters*, or its malignity overcome by *Alexipharmicks*.

The last thing the Doctor attempts is, to *shew how probable it is, that cold Water will cure the* p. 81. *Plague also*; and so it may the P— too, with as much Reason: and yet *all Physicians confess, there is no Specifick as yet found out, that will certainly do it*: p. 87. So that the Doctor is *wiser than the wisest*, and more wise than all the Men that are dead; and says, *if Water given in time, and in good quantity, will cause a plentiful Sweat, and take off the Fever,* p. 96. *'tis not improbable, it will likewise at the same time*

- p. 97. imbibe and absorb those noxious Particles of Matter that caused the Fever, be of what kind they will, better than *Alexipharmicks*, &c. and therefore wonders why Physicians should so nicely distinguish between the Fever, and malignity in the Plague, when they know not wherein the malignity of the Plague consists: and therefore I assert that cold Water is more likely to im-
- p. 101. bibe and absorb those noxious and poisonous Particles that cause the Fever, &c. So that the thing is not only not improbable, but more likely to do it; altho he very honestly tells us that he has had no Experience of it, and hopes he never shall, and I wish so too; but he tells of a Woman and her Husband that were both cured of the Plague, by taking *Lambs-Conduit Water*, and queries whether other Water may not do as well? O yes! as well! full as well! no doubt on't. He also re-
- p. 102. lates another Story of a Gentleman, who was formerly a Resident at *Morocco*, who (once upon a time) was afflicted with the Plague; when one of his brother Factors (a rum Duke to be sure) gave him a Dose of Rum for it, (but how Rum should come to *Morocco* the learned are not agreed) and left a Jew to attend him, of whom he beg'd some cold Water; but he (like a Jew as he was) would give him none, till he was over persuaded to it by the Eloquence of two or three *Ducats*; after which he fell into a violent Sweat, and that produced the beginnings of a *Bubo*, both which went off, at his taking more Rum; but by the Charity of another *Ducat*, the Jew gave him more cold Water, and so Sir he recover'd. And to this he adds another excellent Story of his Excellency, an Embassador, that was cur'd of a Calenture by cold Water also.
- p. 103.

- p. 105. Then he acquaints us of *Borelli's* Method of altering the fermenting Salts in Fevers, viz. by giving other Salts contrary to and destructive of those Salts, already in the Blood.— But (says he)

‘ *he*) what are we the better, unless we can know
 ‘ what kind of *acrid* or *acid* Salts those are—?’ p. 106.
 and if we know not of what Nature they are,
 I cannot tell how we shall know what Salts are
 destructive of them. Besides, Salts are *dogged*
things, and Fevers are *tickle things*: here’s *destruc-*
tive Salts, *acrid* Salts, *acid* Salts, *fermenting* Salts
and dogged Salts, all *salted up* in a few Lines; be-
 sides some *tickle things* into the bargain: and
 why *Borelli* may not have leave to give Salts,
 which he knows by Experience to be contrary
 to the abounding *morbifick* Salts in the Blood,
 without giving a *mathematical Account* of the Na-
 ture of those *morbifick* Salts, as well as the Doc-
 tor give his *cold Water*, without giving any *such*
Account, is not easy to say: only the Doctor says,
 if his cold Water does no good, it will do no
 harm; whereas in giving *Borelli’s* Salts, there is
 danger to destroy something else (*tho he does*
not say what) or else to join in with the common
 Enemy. And now to draw to a Period, *I think*, p. 107.
 says the Doctor, *no Drink can be more thin, small,*
weak and watery, than Water it self. Risum te-
neatis—! nothing can be more watery than *Wa-*
ter ---! nothing more small! nothing more weak,
 (*except the Doctor’s Arguments*) that’s *poz —!*
 thin, weak, small, and watery! weak, small,
 watery, and thin! watery, thin, small, and
 weak! a very pretty Jingle this! But as the
 Doctor observes, *there is something of fashion in*
Physick, so there is something of *jingle-jangle* in
 Words, which the Doctor seems to be very fond
 of: tho I must own he is a great good Man,
 who will not hide his Talent in a Napkin, *Wa-*
ter is his *Dream*, and Water is his *Theme*, his
Text and *Application*, his *End* and *Aim*, his *Pre-*
misses and *Conclusion*; and if his Doctrine should
 spread, we may in a little time ride ten Miles
 upon a *Stretch*, and not be able to meet with a

Fever for Love or Money ; and should there come a dry Summer, it is well if the *New-River Company* do not raise the Price of their Water ; for all Mankind are naturally selfish, and given to *filthy Lucre*, and do not (like the Doctor) consider the general Good.

But notwithstanding the Doctor's brave *Alls*, the Discovery is not so *new*, as some may ignorantly imagine ; for if I do not *misremember*, there is a hint of it in the good old Song of *Moor* of *Moorhall*, and the Dragon of *Wantley* ; from whence I gather that both the *Champion* and the Dragon knew that cold Water was *exceedingly refreshing*, viz.

*But 'tis not Strength that always wins,
For Wit does Strength excel,
Which made our noble Champion
Creep down into a Well ;
Where he did think, this Dragon would drink,
And so he did in sooth ;
And as he stoop'd low,
He rose up, and cry'd Boh !
And hit him a Slap on the Mouth.*

Now, tho I cannot altogether justify *Moor's* Conduct in creeping so sily down into the Well, not only to *intimidate* and fright the Dragon by such a sudden *Surprize* (whereas had he been fairly out of the Well and unarm'd, and alone with the Dragon, in *Place where*, it is more than probable, he could not have said Boh ! to a Goose) but also to keep him from his *Aqua vita* in the Well, without which he could not *subsist* ; nay, he did not only do *that*, but he also struck him at unawares : so that upon the whole, I must say that Mr. *Moor* was an unfair *Champion*, and shewed himself both a Coward, and a Man of Cruelty ; but which of them he was *most*, is a Point

Point *much what as difficult* as any in the Doctor's p. 79. Book. And what I bring the Story for, is, to shew how antient the use of cold Water is, and that not only *Moor* of *Moor-hall*, but the Dragon also was acquainted with its Virtues. I don't say that the Dragon absolutely knew it would cure a Fever, (no, I would not bely the Dragon any more than I would the Doctor) but the Dragon knew by *happy Experience*, that it would *quench Thirst*, and all People in Fevers are *thirsty*, and those who are *thirsty* will *drink*, and the Doctor says *drinking* of Water will cure a Fever; *ergo*, the Secret is of an older Date than the Doctor, except we will suppose that no body ever drank Water in a Fever till the Doctor's Discovery. And *moreover*, and *besides*, the Doctor will be oblig'd to tell us what they did drink instead of it; which I conceive he is not at leisure to do. But perhaps the Doctor may pretend that *his Water* does *nothing*, except given *in bed*, and that the Patient sweats *upon the Matter*; therefore, what I say does not prove that either Mr. *Moor* or the Dragon had any further understanding of the use of cold Water, than only to drink of it in common, &c. In answer to which, I cannot see but that Mr. *Moor* must sweat most enormously, being in a *close Well*, and in fear of some *dogged Trick* from the Dragon, (as I dare say the Doctor would, had he been in his place) and the Dragon, no doubt, sweat too with Fear and Vexation, when he was not only deny'd a little Water to cool his *Pluck*, but assaulted and struck over the *Face and Eyes*, when he little dreamt of any Disturbance at all, as being about his *lawful Occasions*.

And lastly, to take my leave of the Doctor, *whom I honour and respect* upon more Accounts than I shall discover to every body, I hope he will have more Converts from the *Pulpit* than he

is ever like to have from the *Press*; for I fear he will have but few Volunteers in his *Cold-Stream Regiment*; they will sooner be persuaded to drink *burnt Brandy* or *Pease-pottage*: For alas! we live in a very degenerate Age, where a Man may write his Pen quite out of *Breath* (as it were) or preach his Lungs all to *Shivers*, before People will mind what he talks about; *the more's the Pity!* Which, with my humble Service to the Doctor, concludes my Answer to, and Remarks on, his most excellent *Febrifugum Magnum*.

Now stand off all ye Physicians, Apothecaries, Urine-Casters, Figure-Casters, and all other *Medicasters*, from *Warwick-Lane* to my good Friends *Lang—m* and *Tr——r* in *Morefields*, by what ever Name or Title dignify'd or distinguish'd; not excepting my dear Counsellor and Cousin, the Worm-killer in *Abchurch-Lane*. Burn all your Books, break your Gally-pots, split your Glister-pipes, throw away your *Album Græcum* and the rest of your *Slip-slops*, pave the Streets with your Pills, purge the Common-shoar with your Potions, present your Boluses and Pouders to the Scavenger, turn your Mortars into *Water-Cocks*, and your Pestles into Grid-Irons, shut up your Shops, take to some other Calling, live honestly, and learn to lap cold Water; here will for the future be no Work for any of you, and but little for the Sexton: Men will now become half immortal, and except in a dry Season, you shall not hear a Knell go in a long time; therefore make room for the *Water-Doctor*, and your humble Servant,

Gabriel John.

F I N I S.

Errat. Pag. 8. l. 3. for *moves* r. *mows*. P. 14. l. 16. for *cold* r. *old*. P. 22. l. 22. for *was* r. *is*. P. 23. l. ult. r. *but what*. P. 40. l. 34. dele *as*.